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BRAVE LITTLE HARBINGER.

Through my snow-spattered window I see you, my little spring visitor. Bravely and serenely you are standing erect with your golden-tipped head unperturbed by the whirling snow-flakes and the pelting of the sleet. I would that you have a care, my little Jonquil, the sweet harbinger in the flower kingdom of approaching springtime, lest your beautiful life be cut short. But you teach me a lesson you learned, as I happen to know, more than fifty years ago and annually obey. The same God that commands and cares for your little neighbor, the purple violet just across the walk, bids you appear, and you come, trusting implicitly the promise of protection which the God of the universe vouchsafes to all His believing and serving creatures. (February 6, 1923)

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